

# PUNCH

## COMICS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
DEC  
NO. 1  
**10¢**



JERRY A. LAMAR  
RENTON, WASHINGTON

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION  
**WORLD'S**  
*greatest*  
**COMICS**



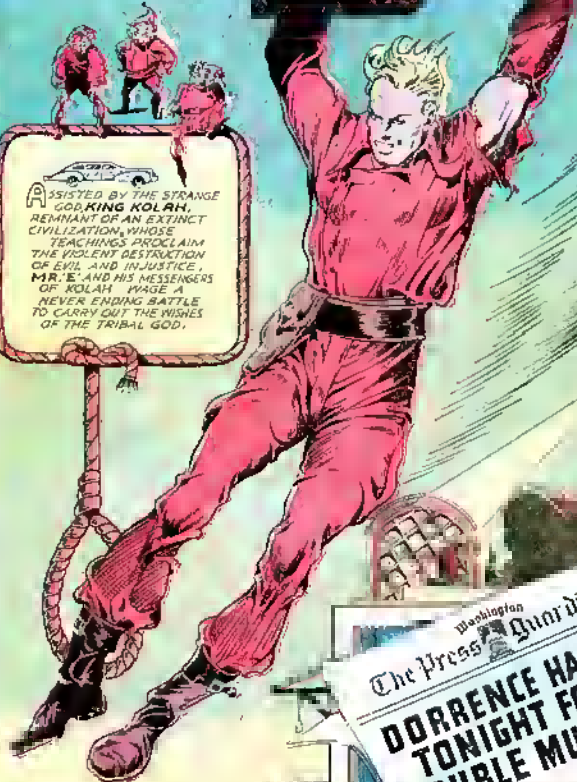
**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

Mr.

E



ASSISTED BY THE STRANGE  
GOD, KING KOLAH,  
REMNANT OF AN EXTINGUISHED  
CIVILIZATION, WHOSE  
TEACHINGS PROCLAIM  
THE VIOLENT DESTRUCTION  
OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE,  
MR. E AND HIS MESSENGERS  
OF KOLAH WAGE A  
NEVER ENDING BATTLE  
TO CARRY OUT THE WISHES  
OF THE TRIBAL GOD.



Washington  
The Press **Guardian**  
**DORRENCE HANGS  
TONIGHT FOR  
DOUBLE MURDER**

STATE PENITENTIARY...A SORROWFUL MOTHER PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO HER SON.

THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO ME...BUT IT ISN'T TRUE! ALL I REMEMBER WAS A BULLET HIT ME IN THE LEG...AND WHEN I CAME TO THE POLICE WERE THERE...

AND YOU WERE BLAMED FOR A CRIME YOU NEVER COMMITTED! MY POOR BOY...I KNOW YOU...DIDN'T DO IT!

BUT I WAS BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE PLANT...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON THERE. I...

SORRY, MA'M, BUT YOUR TIME IS UP!

DAZED AND BEWILDERED, THE CONDEMNED MAN'S MOTHER WANDERS AIMLESSLY...

MY BOY! MY POOR BOY! HE'S...

WHEN...THROUGH THE WIND-SHIELD OF HER CAR, THE STRANGE MISS TERRY SEES...

WHY? THAT WOMAN'S FAINTED!

HERE, LET ME TAKE YOU HOME!

THANK YOU, YOU'RE VERY KIND!

...AND SO MY BOY IS TO BE HUNG FOR A CRIME WHICH I'M SURE HE DID NOT DO...HE WAS SUCH A GOOD BOY!

YOUR STORY IS CONVINCING ENOUGH...I'M SURE WITH THE HELP OF MRS. WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING!

YES, EVEN THE JUDGE SEEMED MOVED...BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES NOTHING BUT THE DEATH PENALTY COULD BE GIVEN.

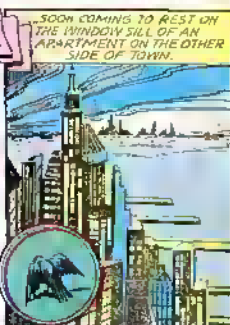
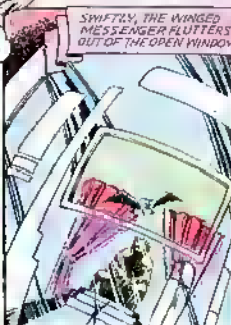
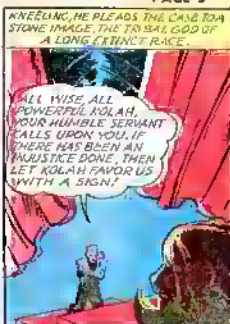
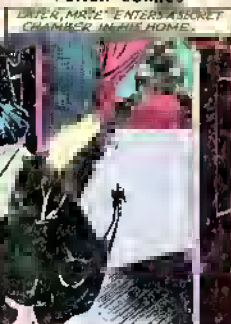
LATER...MR. E'

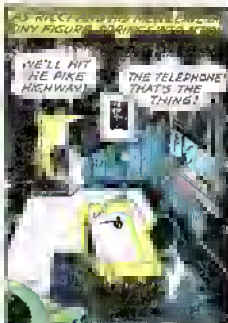
HELLO, TERRY, WHY THE SUDDEN VISIT?

I HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING. I MET THE MOTHER OF DORRENCE, THE LAD THAT IS TO BE HUNG TO-NIGHT.

...AND I'M ALMOST SURE THE REAL ROBBERS GRABBED THE KID AND HAD HIM FRAMED.



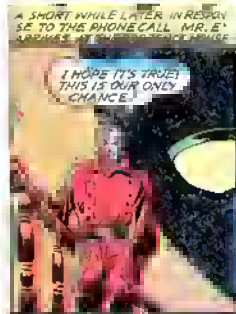
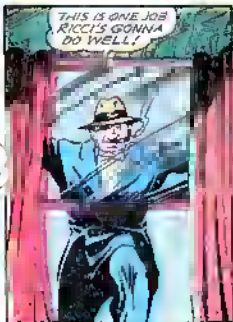




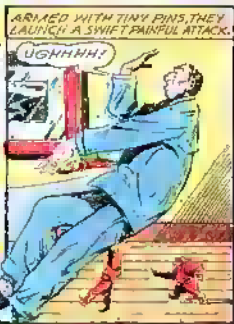
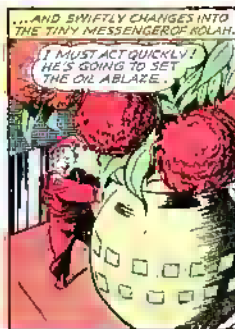


IN A SPLIT SECOND, MR. 'E' DROPS TO THE GROUND AND RE-TURNS THE FIRE...









THE ALL WISE  
KOLAH SENT US!

NOW WE MUST  
MAKE THIS  
RICCI TELL  
ALL!

HELP! CALL  
'EM OFF!  
HELP!

NOW TO GET THE  
GOVERNOR ON  
THE PHONE. WE  
CAN STILL SAVE THE  
BOY!

HELLO! GOVERNOR?  
MR. 'E' TALKING.  
HOLD EVERYTHING ON  
THE DORRENCE  
CASE. I'VE GOT  
THE REAL KILLER.  
...TALK, RICCI,  
TALK!

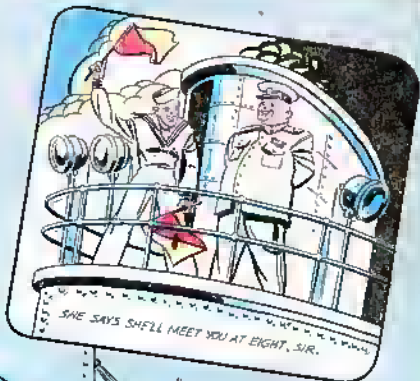
YEAH, WE PLUGGED THE  
GUARD AND COP. A COUPLE  
OF BLOCKS AWAY WE  
SNATCHED DORRENCE, AND  
PUT A BULLET IN HIS LEG  
WITH THE COPS GUN.

New York  
The Press & Guardian  
**DORRENCE FREED  
MR. 'E' WIPES OUT  
GANG OF BANK  
ROBBERS!**

BACK IN THE SECRET CHAMBER OF HIS  
HOME, MR. 'E' GIVES THANKS TO THE  
GREAT GOD, 'KING KOLAH'



# 3 Cheers FOR THE NAVY



JUST GET REAL MAD AND  
GOUGE THEIR EYES OUT!



# GLORY

ON HIS VACATION, CAPTAIN GLORY, ACE INVESTIGATOR FOR THE F.B.I., LEADS THE COAST GUARDS INTO A SMASHING BATTLE WITH A RUTHLESS GANG OF SMUGGLERS.

ABOUT A MILE OFF SHORE, A FRAIL CRAFT DRIFTS LAZILY ALONG.

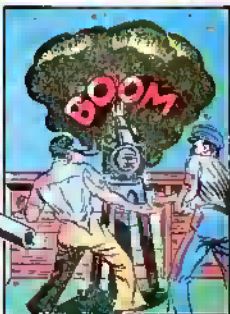
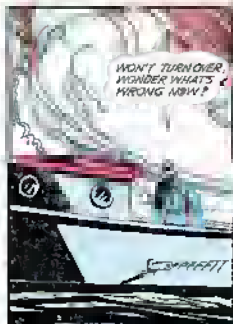
BOY, A VACATION SURE IS THE BERRIES!

...IN IT CAPTAIN GLORY STRUGGLES WITH A DIFFERENT TYPE OF CASE.

A BITE...I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!

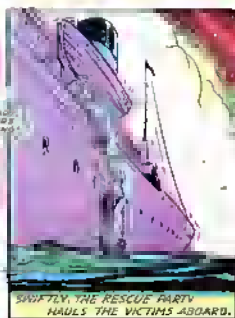
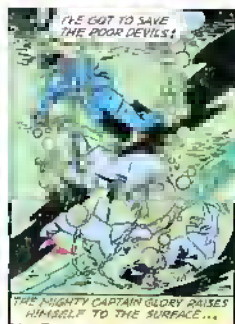
WHY THE...THAT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE LOST HIM TO-DAY! I'LL CALL IT A DAY AND TRY IT AGAIN TO-MORROW!



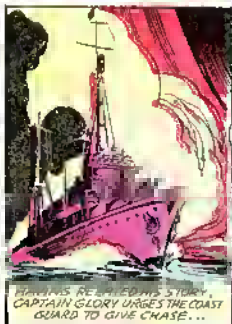




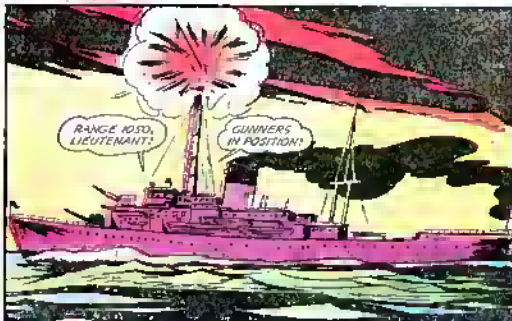








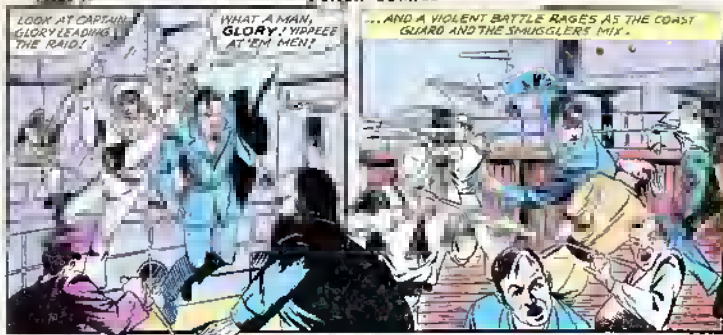
...SOON, ABOARD THE SNUGGLERS CRAFT.



LOOK AT CAPTAIN GLORY LEADING THE RAID!

WHAT A MAN, GLORY! YIPPEE AT 'EM MEN!

... AND A VIOLENT BATTLE RAGES AS THE COAST GUARD AND THE SMUGGLERS MIX.



THERE GOES PEG LEG ... AND UP TO NO GOOD, I'LL BET!



HERE GOES!



DYNAMITE! HE'S GOING TO BLOW THE SHIP TO BITS!



IT'S THE END OF THE ROAD, PEG LEG!

WHY YOU!



WHAT A BEAUTY OF A SOCK!



THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN GLORY, WE'VE ROUNDED UP A VICIOUS BAND! ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU?

GET ME BACK TO SHORE... I'VE GOT TO GET ANOTHER BOAT AND THIS TIME I'M GOING TO GET THAT FISH!



# PUZZLETTES



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS

## WORD EVOLUTION

CAN YOU CHANGE "APE" TO "MAN" IN 7 MOVES? CHANGE ONE LETTER AT A TIME AND STILL LEAVE A WORD

A P E

M A N

## TEASER SQUARE



THE SQUARE READS THE SAME DOWN AS ACROSS—  
1. SUGARY. 2. RELIEVES.  
3. MAMMAL. 4. CHOOSE.  
5. QUIZZES.



## Jerry

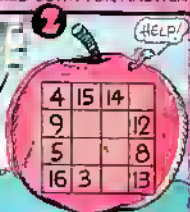
OUR TRAINED SEAL—  
IS BALANCING A HUGE CLOCK DIAL ON HIS NOSE, AND WANTS YOU TO DIVIDE THE DIAL INTO FOUR PARTS, SO THAT

THE NUMERALS IN EACH SECTION TOTAL 20.

LC 509  
CHEWSTER  
XSE

TO WHOM IS THIS LETTER GOING AND WHERE?

## APPLE MYSTERY!



FILL IN THE SIX MISSING SPACES WITH NUMBERS THAT WILL MAKE THE SQUARE ADD UP TO 34—DOWN, ACROSS, AND DIAGONALLY.

## MR. OWL

WISE OLD FELLOW—  
Says:

A SUPERFLUITY OF CULINARY EXECUTIVES RENDERS UNPALATABLE THE LIQUID NUTRIMENT.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

TENNESSEE  
WINCHESTER  
ROMAN 509  
6-ELSI DIX

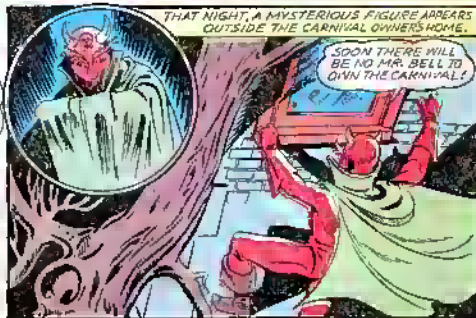
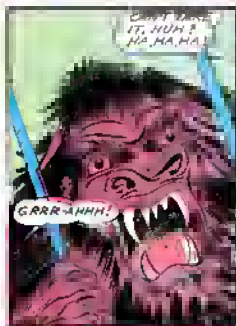


THE BROTH!  
TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL  
BARE, A.M., A.M., A.M., RAN.  
2, 1, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12  
ELECT. TESTS  
SWEET, EASES, WHALE.

# CARNIVAL







UNSUSPECTINGLY, CLARA AND LEE CHAT IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

DADDY WAS TERRIBLY WORRIED TO NIGHT, LEE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT HARLEY. I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN.

STEADY CLARA, I'LL BE HERE TO SEE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

HEEEELP

IT CAME FROM YOUR FATHER'S ROOM!

WHAT'S THAT?

KEEP WITH ONE MORE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE... WHAT'S THAT

LOOK! LEE, HE'S...

SUDDENLY, AN AGONIZING WAIL RINGS THROUGH THE HOUSE.

INSTANTANLY, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST LEAPS AT THE ATTACKER.

NOT SO FAST, FANCY RANTS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, LEE ROVER! OOOOF!

STUBBORN, EH?

I ONCE TOOK LESSONS IN JIU-JITSU.

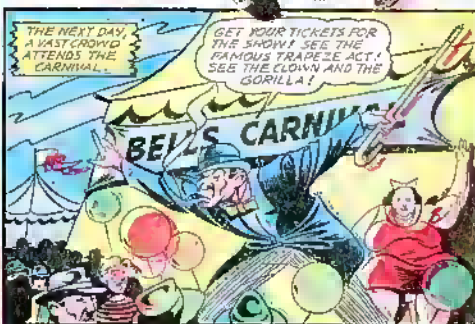
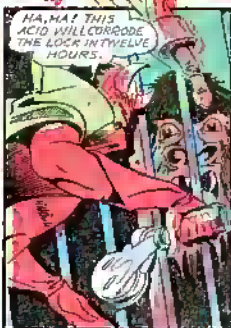
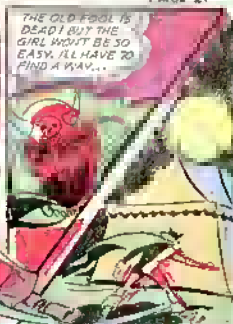
WHAT TH...

TRIPPED ME UP NICE, THE LUG. CLARA... WHERE ARE...

LEE! LEE! HE'S...OOOH!



MEANWHILE  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
FIGURE STALKS  
THROUGH THE  
CARNIVAL



NEELEY THE CASHIER, CONSIDERS CLARA BEFORE THE START OF HER ACT.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER, CLARA. I KNEW HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

YES, YOU WERE HIS CLOSEST FRIEND, NEELEY. DADDY ALWAYS SAID THAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU SHOULD GET A SHARE OF THE SHOW.

... AND IF I SHOULD EVER QUIT... OR SOMETHING HAPPEN... YOU WILL BECOME THE SOLE OWNER.

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOUR FATHER, CLARA. HE WAS A FINE MAN, AND I RESPECT HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.

LOOK AT THE ANIMALS!

MA-BUY ME SOME PEANUTS!

YIPPEE... THE CLOWN AND GORILLA ACT ARE NEXT.

INSIDE, THE CROWD REEKS WITH MERRIMENT, UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER.

THE TRAPEZE ACT THRILLS THE CROWD WITH ITS PERFECT TIMING.

I'M NERVOUS, LEE.

I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

YOU MUST FORGET, CLARA.

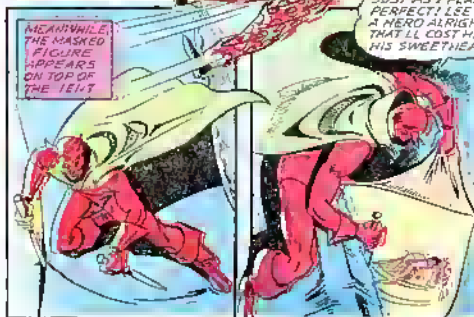
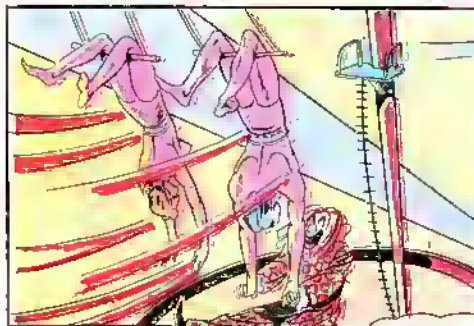
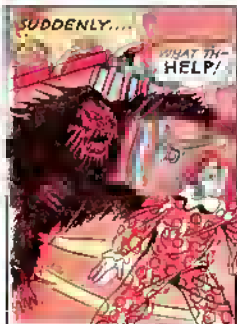
SUDDENLY ALL EYES ARE TURNED TO THE CLOWN'S ACT.

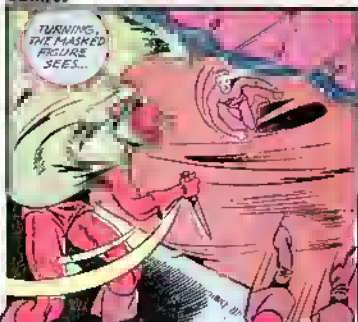
THE CLOWN! WATCH THE CLOWN!

WHAT TH... THAT ARE LOOKS FEROCIOUS! MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT FOOL AROUND?

HARLEY STOPS SHORT AT SIGHT OF THE ANGERED BEAST.







# A SOLDIER MUST OBEY

Several hundred pupils sat silently as the principal inhaled the famous oration to the front of the platform. "I take great pleasure in presenting Lieutenant Mathewson!" the principal said. A thunderous ovation greeted the smiling orator.

Lieutenant Mathewson spoke and one by one the students tensed in their seats. It was a story of his life he related to them. The story of the hardships he had to undergo in preparing for oration and the continued effort needed to complete the training. The hands of the huge clock on the wall kept turning but the audience sat in deep reflective silence.

"Above all," Mathewson's voice thundered, "a soldier must obey! He must never shrink or neglect his duty, not for any excuse. It was in 1918. I was . . ."

Suddenly, a shuffling of feet was heard from the center of the audience. A small boy pushed his way over to the aisle, then began tugging toward the door. His shoes squeaked and the boy finished under the hundreds of eyes gaping at him.

The shoes squeaked louder and louder. The principal fastened a pair of withering eyes on the boy, but proudly with head erect, the lad marched past the platform, and toward the door.

"We must not be afraid to do our duty," the Lieutenant continued. Each and every one of us . . ." the voice droned on.

With those words, the squeak of the shoes died out as the door closed behind Tony. Without hesitating, he ran down the stairs into the basement. The words, "we must not neglect our duty," rang through his brain. Suddenly, a sizzling sound accompanied by the smell of burning rubber, reached him. He stopped and looked around.

Overhead, a shower of sparks came from one of the fixtures hanging loosely from the ceiling. Tony grabbed a chair and placed it under the broken fixture. Standing on it, he reached up, gripped the rubber near both ends of the wire and held them together. The sparks ceased.

A fire alarm box hung near by. It would have been the work of an instant to leap off the chair and ring it. Tony hesitated. The whole auditorium was enjoying the Lieutenant's speech. The sound of an alarm would only interrupt the interesting lecture—that would never do. Silently, with up raised arm, Tony stood holding the wires together.

. . . It was a long time before the Lieutenant finished speaking. The principal invited him to inspect the modern school. Into the basement

they went and soon came on the small boy valiantly holding the wire.

"What are you doing up there, Tony, stealing the electric light bulbs?" the irate principal demanded. "You dared to interrupt Lieutenant Mathewson's lecture for this! I've caught you red handed. Your folks will hear of this. Get down!"

Tony let go. The live wires sparked and smoked as the werry lad slumped from the chair. The Lieutenant caught the limp form.

A glint of cold water and the Lieutenant's knowledge of first aid quickly revived the lad.

Tony looked up at the orator and said quietly, "I sat fire monitor for this week. I did not want to leave while you were speaking but it was my duty to inspect the basement. I had to do this because I did not want the alarm to keep the others from hearing your speech, sir!"

Lieutenant Mathewson smiled and looked down at the brave boy. "A guy like you dared to interrupt my speech and face the wrath of the audience just to do his duty," the Lieutenant grinned as he spoke. "Fellow, I'm flying back this way next week in a new army pursuit ship. Yes sir, lad, I'm going to get permission from headquarters to give a real soldier, who nobly did his duty, a ride in it!"

# KITTY



# KELLY

ADVENTURE LOVING KITTY KELLY SCORNS THE PEACEFULNESS OF MARRIED LIFE FOR A CAREER IN THE AIR. ALTHOUGH HER LIFE IS CONTINUALLY THREATENED, THE AIRHOSTESS CARRIES ON IN THE TRUE TRADITION OF THE SERVICE.



NC123

© HARRY A. CHESLER  
(UNITS) REGISTERED U.S.



THE SHIP'S READY, NED. HOW'S MY NICE NEW UNIFORM?

TO STILL PERFER YOU IN AN APRON AS MY WIFE!

SHORTLY BEFORE THE CLIPPER IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FOR THE ORIENT.



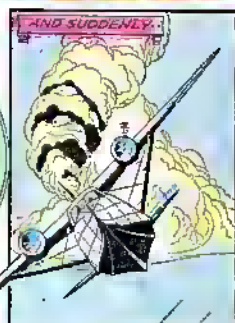
THESE PAPERS ARE TO BE DELIVERED BY YOU TO OUR AMBASSADOR, MISS KELLY.

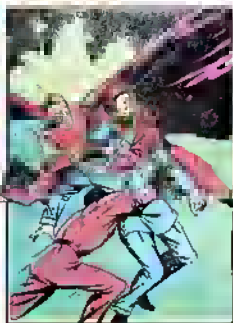
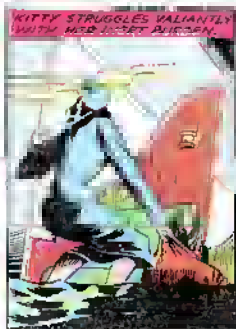
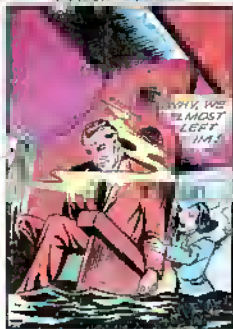
WHAT'S THIS? I THOUGHT EVERYONE WAS ON BOARD!

I'M SURE, THE ORIENTAL COMMENTATOR. SORRY I'M LATE!









UGLY MACHINE GUNS KEEP THE PASSENGERS FROM AN ATTEMPT TO HELP THE PILOT AND HOSTESS!



BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS KITTY AND NED ARE SUBDUED

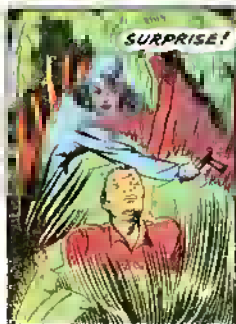
IN HERE ARE THE PLANS FOR AMERICAN MOBILIZATION IN THE FAR EAST. NOW, I NO LONGER HAVE NEED FOR ANY OF YOU, TAKE THEM TO THE CRATER!

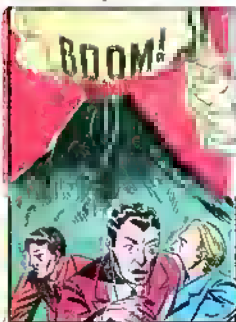


MY TURN TO HOLD THE PAPERS AND THE GUN!









# IS IT TRUE?

## JOHN BUNYAN

HE WROTE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS WHILE IN PRISON. HE WAS VERY POOR WITH LITTLE EDUCATION. HE WORKED HARD AND SUFFERED MUCH?

**TRUE**

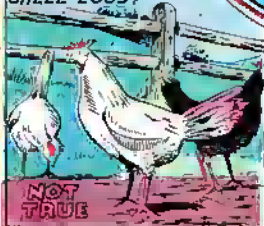


## CHIGGERS

OR HARVEST MITES WILL BITE HUMANS AND SNAKES. THEY WILL NOT BITE ANY DOMESTIC ANIMALS?

**TRUE**

ALL HENS WITH WHITE FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS?



**NOT TRUE**

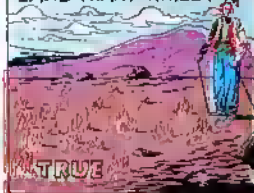
**HENS WITH BLACK, BROWN OR RED FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS. THE MEDITERRANEAN STRAIN OF FOWL LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS.**

## COWBIRDS

BUILD NO NESTS, WILL NOT INCUBATE IT'S EGGS OR REAR IT'S YOUNG. THE EGGS ARE LAID IN THE NESTS OF OTHER BIRDS?

**TRUE**

THE LAND OF EVERLASTING FIRE. TRAVELERS HAVE SEEN THIS STRANGE LAND MANY TIMES?



**TRUE**

**IN NORTHERN IRAQ OIL FIELDS. THE OOZING PARTICLES OF OIL HAVE BEEN BURNING FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL.**

# The SKY CHIEF

THE SKY CHIEF, SECRET AERIAL OPERATIVE FOR THE G-MEN, SMASHES THROUGH A RING OF SABOTEURS TO STOP THE MYSTERIOUS DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN CLIPPER PLANES.

SUDDENLY, A HUGE CLIPPER PLANE WINGS ITS WAY OUT TO SEA.

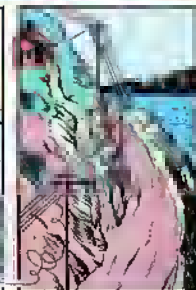
WELL?

QUIET! IT WILL SOON BE HERE!

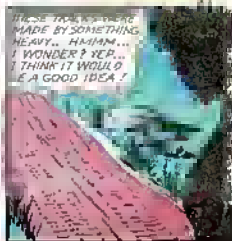
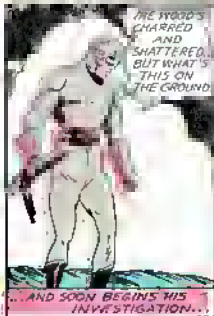
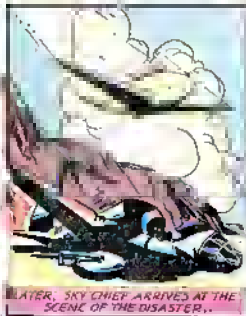
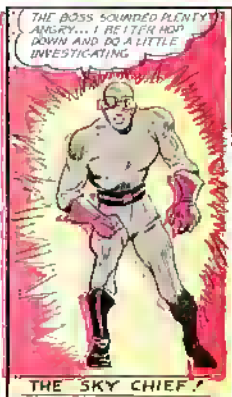
A HUGE TRUCK STANDS ON THE SANDS OF A LONG ISLAND BEACH... BESIDE IT, SINISTER EYES COMB THE SKY ABOVE.

WRITTEN BY JACKSON  
DRAWN BY BIRCHMEYER & CO.





FROM WASHINGTON, THE HEAD OF THE F.B.I. CALLS THE MOUNTAIN TOP RETREAT OF THE SECRET OFFRATIVE...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE OFFICE OF THE TRANS-OCEANA CLIPPER CORPORATION.

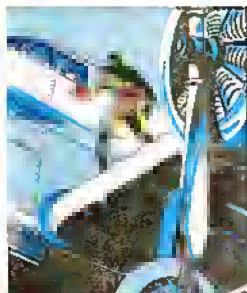
WE'VE SPREAD WORD AROUND THAT ANOTHER CLIPPER'S LEAVING FOR BRITAIN. I HOPE YOUR PLAN WILL DRAW THOSE RATS OUT.

AND NOW, I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOUR PILOT.

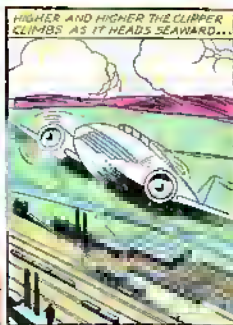
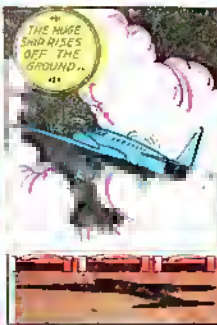
THERE HE IS... ABOUT READY TO TAKE OFF!

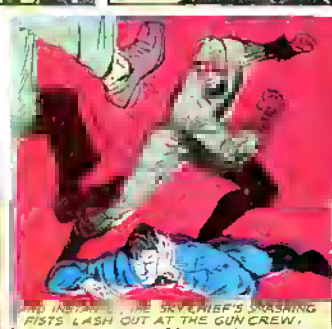
THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE APPRECIATES YOUR COOPERATION.

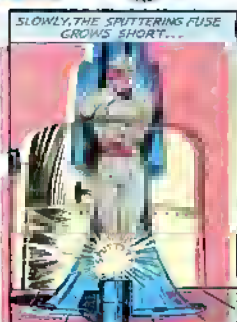
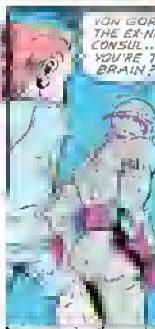
TRANS-OCEANA CLIPPER



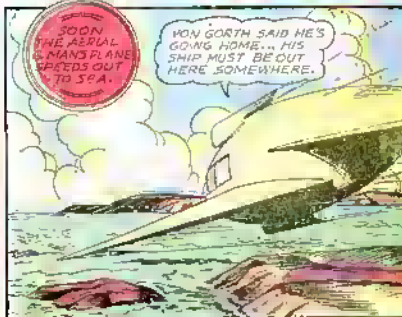
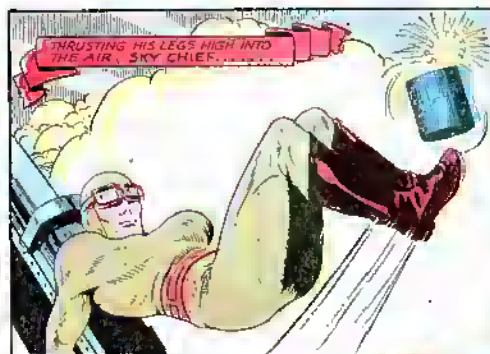
AND ISSUES INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PILOT OF THE CLIPPER SHIP



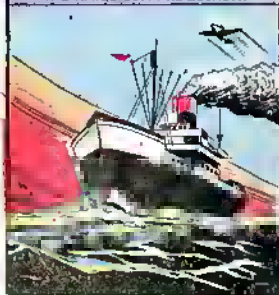








MILES OFF SHORE, A TANKER RIDES THE WAVES OUTWARD BOUND...



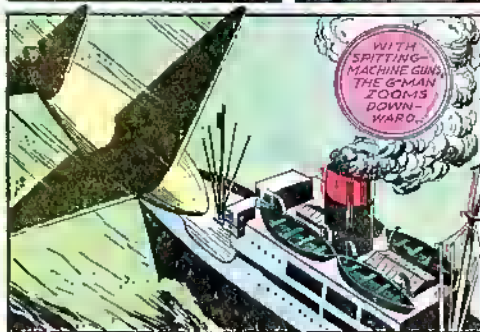
WHILE ON DECK, THE SINISTER VON GORTH RECOGNIZES THE APPROACHING PLANE.

WE GIVE HIM SOMETHING... CLEAR THE DECK FOR ACTION!

IT'S THAT G-MAN... HE'S STILL ALIVE! DO SOMETHING!



SO, VON GORTH IS ON THAT FREIGHTER.



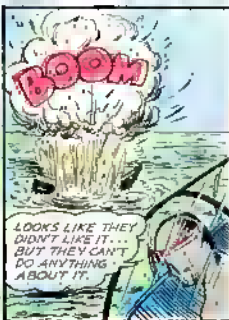
WITH SPITTING-MACHINE GUNS, THE G-MAN ZOOMS DOWNWARD...

...SENDING A HAIL OF DESTRUCTION TO THE SHIP'S DECK.



AND AS THE PLANE ZOOMS UPWARD...

LET'S SEE HOW THEY TAKE TO THIS!



LOOKS LIKE THEY DIDN'T LIKE IT... BUT THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

THE CLIPPER SHIPS CAN FLY THE AIRPLANES FREELY AGAIN... AND YOU CAN CROSS VON GORTH OFF THE LIST OF INTERNATIONAL SABOTEURS.



GOOD WORK, SKY CHIEF... WE KNEW YOU'D DO IT!

THE SKY CHIEF APPEARS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

# THE DEAD MAN PLAYS

"The judge let you off because of insufficient evidence," Patrolman Dick Stevens addressed the sneering racketeer, Pete Beers. "I'm positive you murdered him—and someday I'll find the evidence that'll get you a trip to the hot seat."

"Pipe down, flutist," Pete grinned to he spoke. "Your pal Morris disappeared and you're trying to pin a murder on me. But it won't work!"

Dick stepped forward and touched the shoulder of the departing racketeer as he whispered, "Beers, remember this. Morris said he'd keep playing his violin even after he was dead. Yep, I'll have to do it. Follow the strain of the music and I'll find the murderer."

"Sex you," Pete barked as he walked away from the patrolman. "But dead men can't play."

Dick clenched his fists at the thought of the thousands of dollars Pete had extracted from small storekeepers for unwanted and unneeded protection. He also thought of his pal's investigation and sudden disappearance. More than ever he was out to get the mighty Pete Beers.

It was dark and moonless that night. The huge house was thrice with lights as Pete Beers shook hands with the last of his departing guests. Guests who had enjoyed a lavish party celebrating his release from

prison. Pete turned to his butler and said, "I'm turning in, Mike. Wake me at noon. Most of the shops here been lying down on their protection payments since I was detained by them dumb cops. I'll have to get after them, but please don't be in on payments."

Pete climbed the huge stairway to his bedroom. It was a spacious room. He grinned at the plushness of the expensive furnishings. "Some different from that cell," he muttered aloud.

Resting on the soft bed, he dozed off but was soon awakened by the sound of music. He lay puzzled. It was violin music, soft and sweet.

He jumped slightly at the words of Patrolman Stevens in through his mind. "All I have to do is follow the music to the murder..." Pete squirmed. He turned several times but the musical sound kept on. He could stand it no longer. Pete jumped out of bed, inhaled on the light and snatched his gun out of the holster.

"I'll settle this once and for all," he yelled aloud. "I'll have no dead man playing in my house."

Pete slipped down the stair that led into the cellar. "Allegro! Bah, what could scare Pete Beers," he muttered aloud.

The violin played on and on. The music echoed throughout the long

cellar. Pete's flesh was covered with goose pimples. He gripped his gun tightly and made his way to a corner of the stone wall.

Carefully, he felt the wall. "You can't play, you're dead, DEAD!" he screamed. "I put you there and you can't play."

The muted strains grew louder and louder. The notes imbedded themselves in Pete's tortured brain. "Dead men can't play," he screamed out loud.

Suddenly, the music stopped. A dark form stepped from behind a pillar to Pete's side and whispered, "Drop that gun or I'll..."

"No, no—Morris, don't touch me, you're dead, you're dead, I know it, I killed you," Pete screamed hysterically as the gun fell from his frozen, paralyzed fingers.

Swiftly, a pair of hands closed on the frightened racketeer's wrist. "When that wall is pulled down," the voice of Patrolman Dick Stevens said softly, "I'll have the evidence needed to send you to the hot seat, Pete Beers."

Dick led the astonished racketeer to the staircase. At the foot of the stair, Patrolman Stevens stooped down to pick up the violin. He turned to Pete and said, "I forgot to tell you that Morris taught me how to play."

1940-1941 DOWNEY &amp; CO.

**A** QUEER TRICK OF FATE AND CAPTAIN COURAGE, BURLY SKIPPER OF A TRANS-OCEANIC FREIGHTER, FINDS HIMSELF THROWN BACK CENTURIES TO RELIVE THE AGE OF THE BUCANEERS AND THE ROVERS OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

A LONELY FREIGHTER PLOWS THRU THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC.



CYCLONE!  
CYCLONE!

SUDDENLY, A HOARSE SHOUT...

Capt'n

**COURAGE**



ON DECK, THE HUSKY CAPTAIN COURAGE PREPARES TO CHALLENGE THE RAGING FURY.

THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND OUTH RACE HER... AND I'M GOING TO CHANCE IT!



IT'S A FREAK STORM, CAP... SHE'LL SNAP THE SHIP LIKE A HUNK OF DRIFTWOOD!

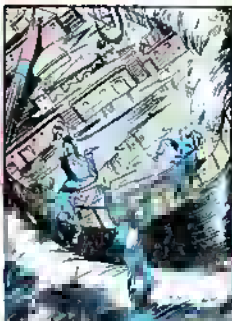
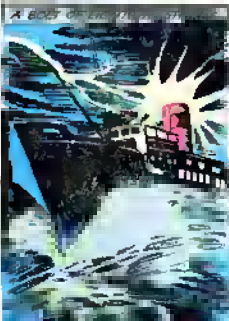
AYE, MATEY... BUT NOT UNTIL WE'VE HAD A CHANCE! I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL... GET ALL HANDS BELOW.



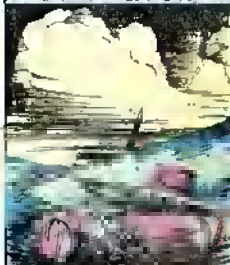
KEEP FIRING THE BOILERS, LADS.... WE'RE RACING DEATH THIS TIME.



MOUNTAINOUS WAVES LASH THE DECK AS THE SKIPPER ISSUES HIS TERSE COMMAND.



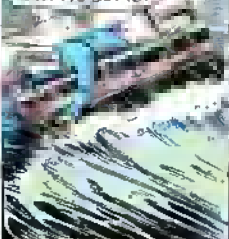
CAUGHT IN THE VIKRE OF GIANT WAVES AND DEVASTATING CROSS SEAS, THE HELPLESS FREIGHTER IS SHATTERED TO BITS.



WHEN SUDDENLY...



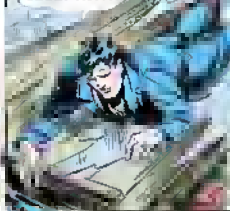
I'VE GOT TO MAKE... I'VE GOT TO!

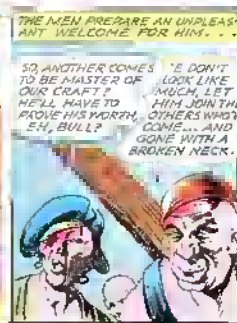
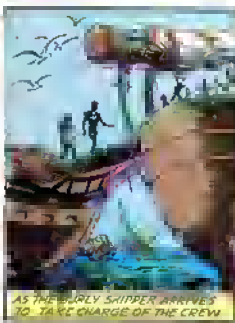
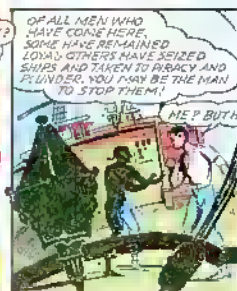


AS IF RETURNING FROM THE DEAD, THE BATTERED CAPTAIN COURAGE STRUGGLES TO SAVE HIMSELF.

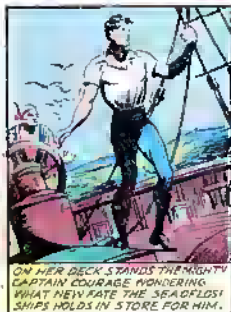
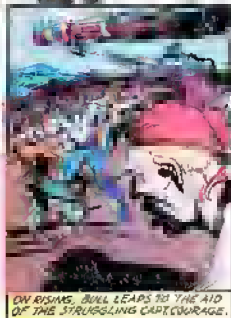
EXHAUSTED, HE FALLS LIMPO ON THE BOARDS.

MY LEGS, ARMS ALL WEARY. I MUST SLEEP, SLEEP... I...











ACCURATELY ADJUSTING THE SPY GLASS, THE SKIPPER SEES...

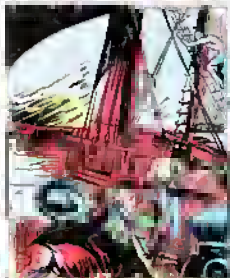


SHE'S PIRATE CRAFT ALL RIGHT! GET THE SHIP IN ORDER...WE'RE GOING TO RID THE SEA OF A MENACE.

A YE AYE, CAP!



ALL HANDS ON DECK... REEF SAILS FOR ACTION!



SWIFTLY THE CREW SPRINGS INTO ACTION, AS THE SHIP IS READIED FOR ANY EMERGENCY.



STEADILY, THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO VESSELS IS CLOSED.



GREEDILY, THE EYES OF THE PIRATE CHIEF VIEW THE APPROACHING SHIP.

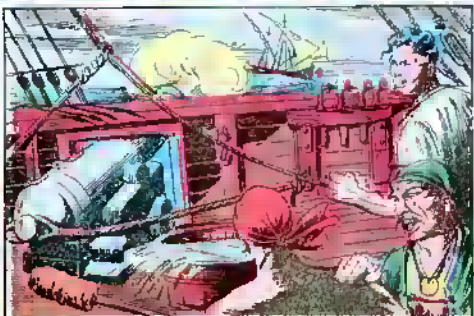
SO, IT'S A PRIZE THAT DRAWS 'CLOSE, ME HEARTIES! GIVE HER AN OPENING SHOT... THEN WE'LL FINISH HER OFF!

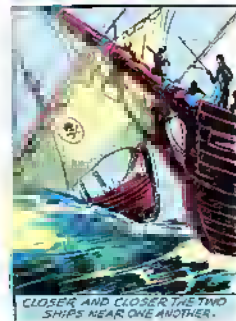
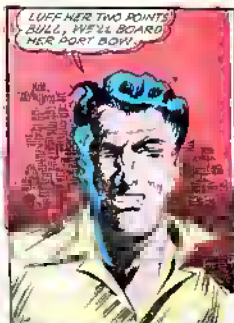


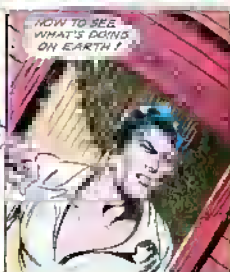
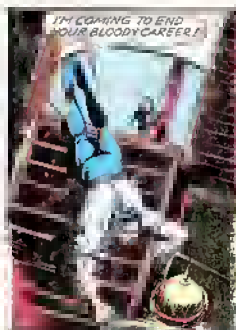
THEY'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT TO LICK US, CAP!

RIGHT... AND NOW WE'LL GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF OUR GUNS!

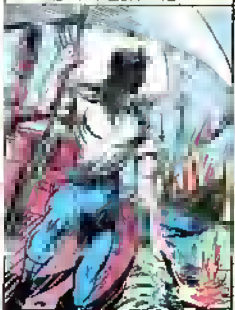
THE SHELL EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE WATER.







THE CAPTURED SHIP IS SET ADRIFT BURNING.

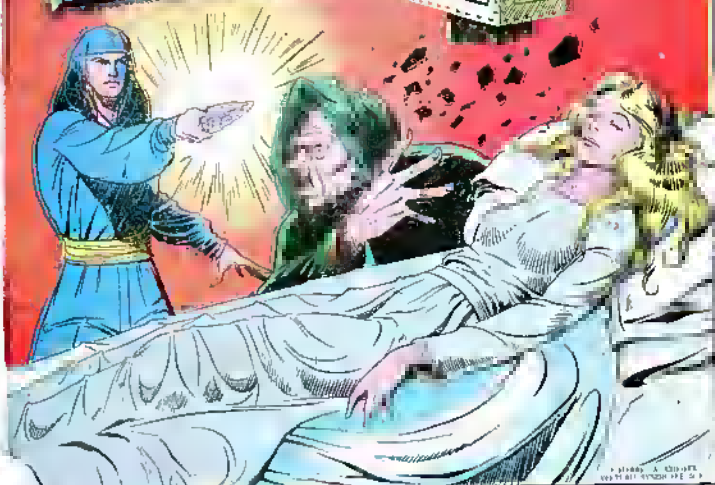


AS THE PIRATE CRAFT IS RAVAGED BY THE FLAMES, CAPTAIN COURAGE STEERS HIS SHIP FOR THE MAINLAND.



# HALE!

## ...THE MAGICIAN



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ON A FRIENDLY YACHTING TRIP, HALE THE MAGICIAN, IS THROWN INTO A GIGANTIC STRUGGLE WHICH ONLY THE POWER OF HIS MAGIC SPEARHEAD CAN OVERCOME.

OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA, A YACHT STEAMS SLOWLY THRU A NARROW, DANGEROUS CHANNEL.



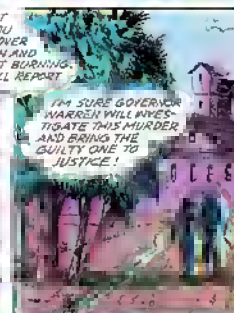
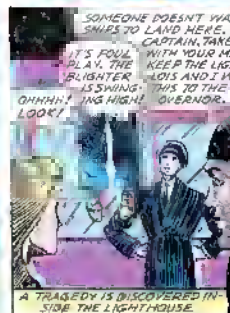
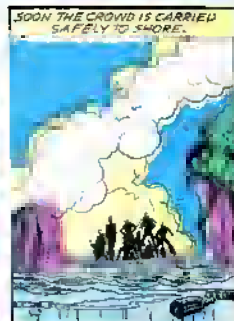
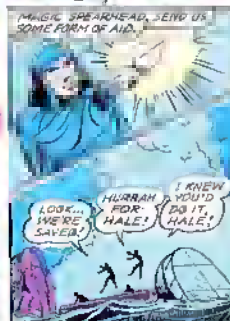
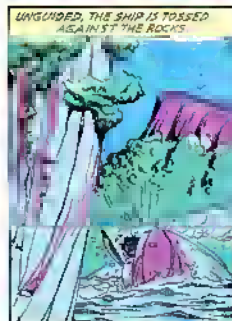
ON DECK, LOIS STARRETT CONVERSES WITH HER CLOSE FRIEND, HALE, THE MAGICIAN.

GOVERNOR WARREN WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE US. IN I GUESS WE DIDN'T WIRE HIM. IT'S MORE FUN THIS WAY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HALE, BRARRR. BUT THOSE ROCKS ARE UGLY LOOKING! HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN.







UNFRIENDLY EYES WATCH THE APPROACH OF HALE AND LOIS

THOSE TWO MUST HAVE ESCAPED DEATH ON THE ROCKS, SO THEY ARE LOOKING FOR WARREN, HMMMM.



I'M A FRIEND OF GOVERNOR WARREN... TO LIKE TO SPEAK WITH HIM!

GOVERNOR WARREN? EH? YOU'LL SEE HIM.



WHAT AN UGLY LOOKING THING

WARREN, BAH! IT'S GRILLO, THE DICTATOR RULES THIS PROVINCE!

A UNPLEASANT SURPRISE GREET'S THE NEWCOMERS.



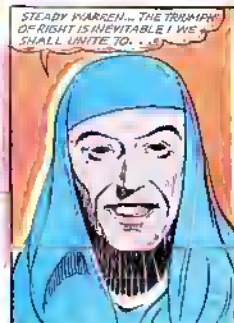
BUT WHAT OF WARREN... WHAT'S BECOME OF HIM?

TO-DAY SWIFT STRIKING DICTATORSHIPS RULE. I, GRILLO, WHO THINKS LITTLE OF HUMAN LIFE, AM SUITED AS A RULER... NOT THAT SOFT HEARTED WARREN! YOU ARE IN TIME FOR HIS EXECUTION, STRANGERS!



CHARMED SPEAR-HEAD, I ASK THAT GOVERNOR WARREN BE BROUGHT HERE!

HALE, MY FRIEND, YOU MUST HELP MY PEOPLE. THIS FIEND SEEKS TO MAKE SLAVES OF THEM.



STEADY WARREN... THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT IS INEVITABLE! WE SHALL UNITE TO...



MEANWHILE, GRILLO'S POWER-MAD MIND BECOMES CONCERNED WITH ONE THING, THE MACK SPEAR-HEAD.

WITH THAT WEAPON I COULD BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH. MUST GET IT!



I THINK THIS WILL MAKE HIM RELEASE THE WEAPON!

SURELY, A HUGE STONE PILLAR FALLS FORWARD.

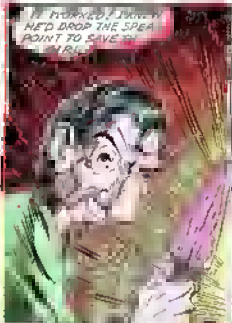
LOIS! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!



STEADY, LOIS... YOU'RE SAFE! NOW FOR GRILLO!

ANOTHER SECOND AND OHHHH!

IT WORKED! I KNOW  
HE'D DROP THE SPEAR  
POINT TO SAVE THE  
GIRL!



THE DWARF TURNS THE POWERFUL  
SPEARHEAD ON ITS OWNER.

LET THEIR HEADS BE  
SEVERED FROM THEIR  
SHOULDERS, MIGHTY  
POINT!



FOOL, THE POINT  
WILL WORK ONLY  
FOR ME, ITS RIGHTFUL  
OWNER!  
IN  
THAT CASE,  
I HAVE OTHER  
MEANS.



THE EXECUTIONER WILL  
HAVE TWO INSTEAD OF  
ONE. LET THE GIRL REMAIN.  
SHE SHALL DINE WITH ME  
AND LATER WITNESS  
THE EXECUTION.



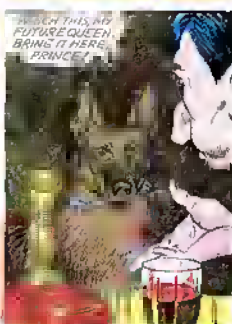
A SHORT WHILE LATER, AT THE  
PALACE BANQUET.

BECOME MY  
QUEEN AND  
WE'LL RULE  
THIS ISLAND  
TOGETHER!

NEVER, YOU  
FIEND!



WHEN THIS, MY  
FUTURE QUEEN,  
BRING IT HERE,  
PRINCE!



BY CONSTANT BEATINGS I  
HAVE TAUGHT THIS BEAST  
TO OBEY. LOOK AT HIM!  
THE WHIP WILL TEACH  
YOU IN THE SAME WAY!



PERHAPS I CAN  
GET THAT DOG  
TO HELP ME  
I'LL TRY.

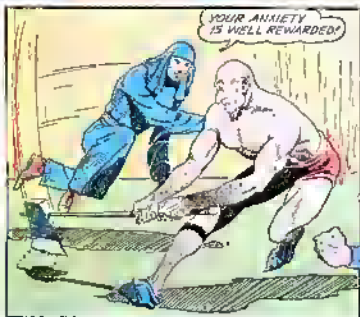
COME, WE ARE GOING  
TO SEE THE EXECUTION  
OF YOUR FRIENDS!

BRING ME  
THAT OBJECT  
PRINCE.



STRANGELY, THE DOG, OBEYS.

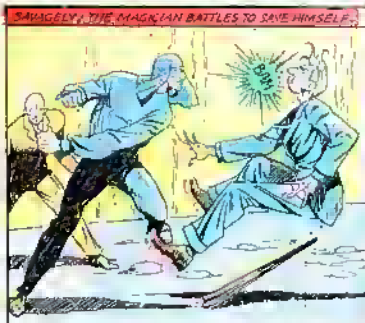








NO, NEVER! GUARDS! HELPS GUARDS!



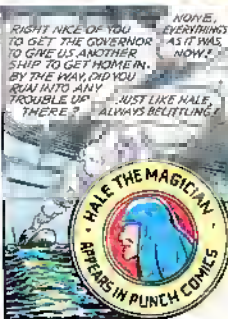
THE POWER OF THE SPEARHEAD  
FREEZES THE ATTACKERS IN  
THEIR TRACKS.



HIS PLANS THWARTED, THE MAD-  
DENED GRILLO TURNS TO THE GIRL.



BUT IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE BE-  
FRIENDED BEAST LEAPS TO THE  
RESCUE.



# DEATH

## The Sting of

"Don't touch that," Steve Kent yelled, as he pinched John Waters in the ground. "It's the Golden Orchid and it means trouble."

Carelessly pinching himself and as the end of terror, Waters understood his monologue and stared wildly at his guide. "Have you seen something crazy?" he shouted at Steve. "I heard you last night and not advised me as to what specimen I should take and what not?" Waters recoiled for the huge orchid again. "It's worth at least five hundred pounds—and I'm..." That's all he had to say. The strange grip of Steve Kent trapped him.

"As long as you're with me, I don't pick that flower," Steve barked. "It's mortal death is same—but either it drives mad, or revives me?"

That night, Steve and Waters met around the campfire. They listened to the strange jungle sounds. Kent identified none as far as his friend. Soon, the conversation drifted to the life they had left behind in London. Kent studied Waters and ran over his mind had wandered—it had drifted to the Golden Orchid. Steve tensed. "I suppose you're angry because I kept you from pinching that flower?" he said, smacking himself into the subject.

Belatedly Waters could answer, Kent continued, "I've knocked around all over the world and there are some things I can't understand and never will. That Golden Orchid is one. The natives say that he who picks it will never leave the jungle alive."

"Stupid superstition," Waters

scoffed. "You're civilized; now, you can't believe such nonsense. Did you ever know of any one who picked one and died?"

"Once," Steve hesitated, then continued. "The natives warned him just as I did you. The man laughed in their faces and picked the blossom. I watched him as he landed it like a little child. I watched him hold it to his face and gaze into its golden petals as he revolved over the shop and van. He talked of the glory and fame the Academy would award him for bringing back such an unknown treasure."

"But what happened? I never saw it on exhibit!" John interrupted impatiently.

"I'm coming to that," Steve said slowly. "The next morning in his tent we found the body. It was a dark blue color—he had died during the night."

"Dad," Waters whirled in an excited vein.

"Yeah," Steve nodded. "The natives called it the sting of the Golden Orchid."

"What about the flower?" Waters asked.

"It lay beside him on the bed where he had placed it," Kent replied. "The natives piled the tent with brush and burned the body of the man and the orchid." With that, Steve got up and stretched lazily. "I'm turning in for the night," he said, as he walked off to the tent.

Kent lay on the cat. His eyelids grew heavier and heavier. . . Suddenly, his semi-conscious mind caught the sound of creaking branches.

Instantly, he was on his feet and out of the tent. Through the slowly dying campfire he saw the figure of John Waters. In his hand was the Golden Orchid.

With sparkling eyes, John held the prize as Kent could see its full beauty. "There's really something rare here," he said proudly. "I've got it and I'm going to take it back to civilization with me. It's mine—thank you, John Waters' Golden Orchid!"

Swiftly, Steve stepped forward, grabbed the flower and threw it into the fire.

Furiously, Waters aimed his fist at Steve's jaw. Kent ducked the blow and with a short right sent Waters sprawling to the ground. In an instant, he was on his feet.

"Why did you do it, why did you do it?" John seethed angrily. "I'll never have a chance to get another!"

Steve released his grip. "That orchid," he began slowly, "has been known to always harbor a nest of vipers within its leaves. The viper, no longer than a snake in the plant, is very seldom found—that was the thing that killed the other man. Its ring is filled with venom—and the viper strikes at night."

"But why didn't you tell me the truth about it?" Waters demanded.

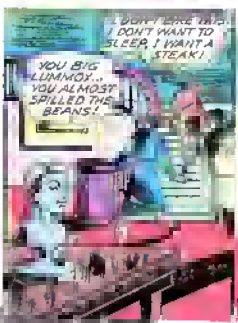
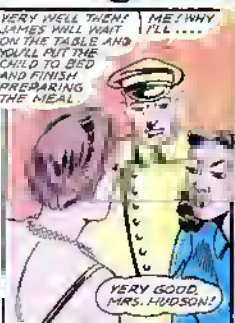
"Because," Steve said slowly, "you'd have decided to look for the deadly reptile, to kill it—by the time it was filled with venom you would have the orchid for yourself."

Waters gripped Steve's hand and said, "And I think, all this time I thought you made up that story to scare me away, as you would have the orchid for yourself."

# THE UNHOLY THREE







AS THE UNWOLY THREE BUSY THEMSELVES ON THE INSIDE, OTHERS MAKE PLANS ON THE OUTSIDE.

WE KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL YOU GIVE THE SIGNAL, EM, BREEN...ER, I MEAN BARON.

RIGHT! THEN YOU BOYS RUSH IN AND GRAB HUDSON. TREAT HIM ROUGH. HE'S GOT TO GIVE US THE COMBINATION OF THE SAFE.



MR. AND MRS. HUDSON, THIS IS A PLEASURE. WELCOME BARON, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME.



...AS THE BARON ENTERS...

HE SURE DOES LOOK FISHY!

COME ON, WE'RE SERVANTS REMEMBER!



SERVANTS ENTRANCE

THE MEAL PROGRESSES REMARKABLY WELL UNDER THE HANDS OF FLASH AND PEARL...

YOUR HOSPITALITY WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED, MRS HUDSON. IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT ONE HAS SUCH A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.



...UNTIL...

CLUMSY FOOL!

OH! THE POOR BARON IS BEING TOASTED!



HEAVENS... WHAT WAS THAT?

LOOK PROBABLY DROPPED A SPOON.

CRASH



WE'RE GOING TO LET THE BARON SEE LITTLE PERCY. FIND OUT IF THE COOK NEEDS HELP.

COME, BARON. THE LITTLE TYKE IS UPSTAIRS.



YES, MAM.

WOAH! WHAT HAPPENED... AN EARTHQUAKE

NOTHING... I SLIPPED! DID YOU LEARN ANYTHING?



INSIDE THE KITCHEN...

BARON... MOOEY! THAT GUY IS BREEN, THE JEWEL THIEF. HE IS WEARING A FAKE BEARD AND IT ALMOST CAME OFF WHEN I SPARLED THE SOUP ON HIM!

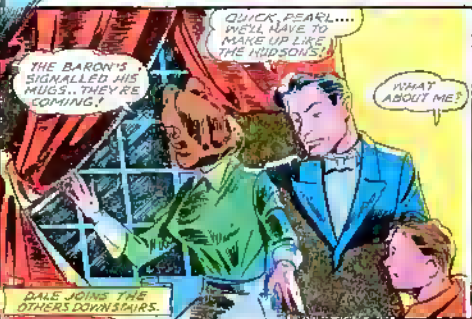
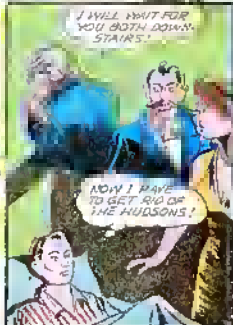
WELL, WE'LL TRAP HIM COLD, THIS TIME!



UPSTAIRS... DALE DISGUISED AS LITTLE PERCY'S NANNY HAS TROUBLE!

AND YOU'LL JUST ADORE DEAR LITTLE PERCY... HEAVENS DO I SMELL SMOKE!

HAW! IT'S THE NEW BRAND OF POWDER THE NURSE USES!



SWIFTLY, THE MASTER MAKE UP ARTISTS DON THEIR DISGUISES...

YOU'RE LIABLE TO CRAB OUR ACT, LITTLE ONE... SO, JUST STAY HERE AND AMUSE YOURSELF!

WE LOOK MORE LIKE THE HUDSONS THAN THEY DO THEMSELVES... CMON, FLASH... LET'S GIVE THE BARON A SURPRISE.

YOU HAVE PUT THE CHILD TO BED?

YES, BARON... AND NOW YOU!

DON'T MIND HIM... HE'S ALWAYS JOKING!

...AND JOIN THE BARON AS MR. AND MRS. HUDSON.

SUDDENLY, THE CRAFTY FOREIGNER BARKS AN ORDER...

READY, MEN... SEIZE THESE FOOLS!

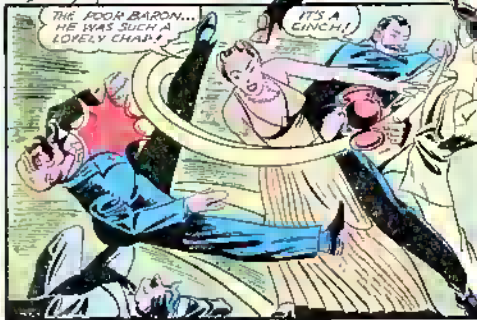
IT'S BEGINNING!

BULL'S EYE!



TAG!

SLEEP TIGHT, BARON!

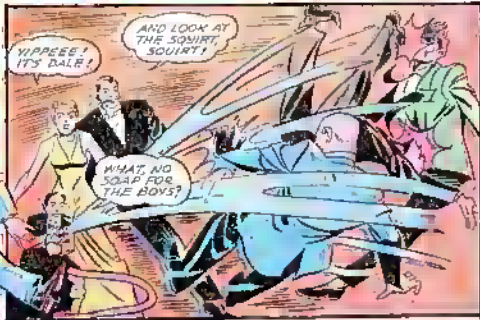


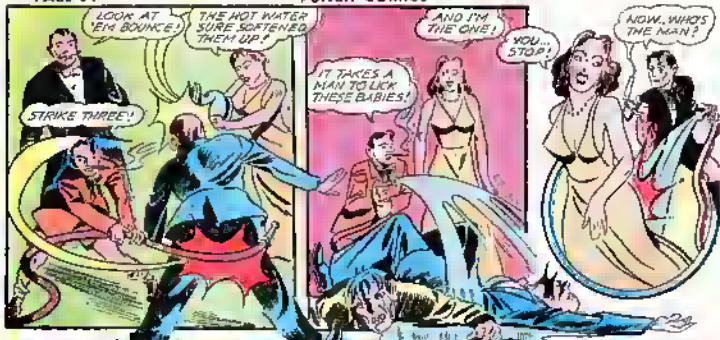
IT'S A CINCH!



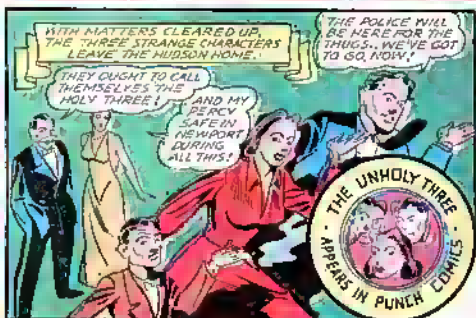
GOOOFFF!







RELEASING THE HUDSONS FROM THE CLOSET, FLASH BRINGS THEM DOWN STAIRS.



# THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

## FEATURING

MR. "C"  
THE ECO  
LARRIVAL  
RAYLIGHT  
KING BOBBA  
YANKEE BOY  
MASTER KEY  
ROCKETMAN  
LUCKY COYNE  
DYNAMIC BOY  
LITTLE MEMO  
KITTY KELLY  
DAN DARTING  
MADAM SATAN  
MRS TRIUMPH  
GREAT SCOTT  
JOHNNY KENZEL  
FOXY GRANDPA  
CAPTAIN REDDY  
YOWWE DODDLE  
JONES & DANNY  
MAJOR TILTEDY  
SLARKEY GENTRY  
"DAPPY" TARDING  
MOTHER DUNNARD  
YOUNG AMERICANS



**8**  
MAMMOTH  
RINGS  
•  
EACH  
ONE  
FEATURING  
**15**  
COMPLETE  
ATTRACTIONS

IT'S YOURS FOR  
THE PRICE OF  
A SINGLE  
ADMITTANCE

**10¢**

HURRY, HURRY  
H-U-R-R-Y!  
TO YOUR NEAREST  
NEWSDEALER

**YANKEE**  
COMICS

**DYNAMIC**  
COMICS

**SCOOP**  
COMICS

**MAJOR**  
COMICS

**BULLS-EYE**  
COMICS

**PUNCH**  
COMICS

**KAYO**  
COMICS

**WORLD'S**  
GREATEST  
COMICS

**ABC**